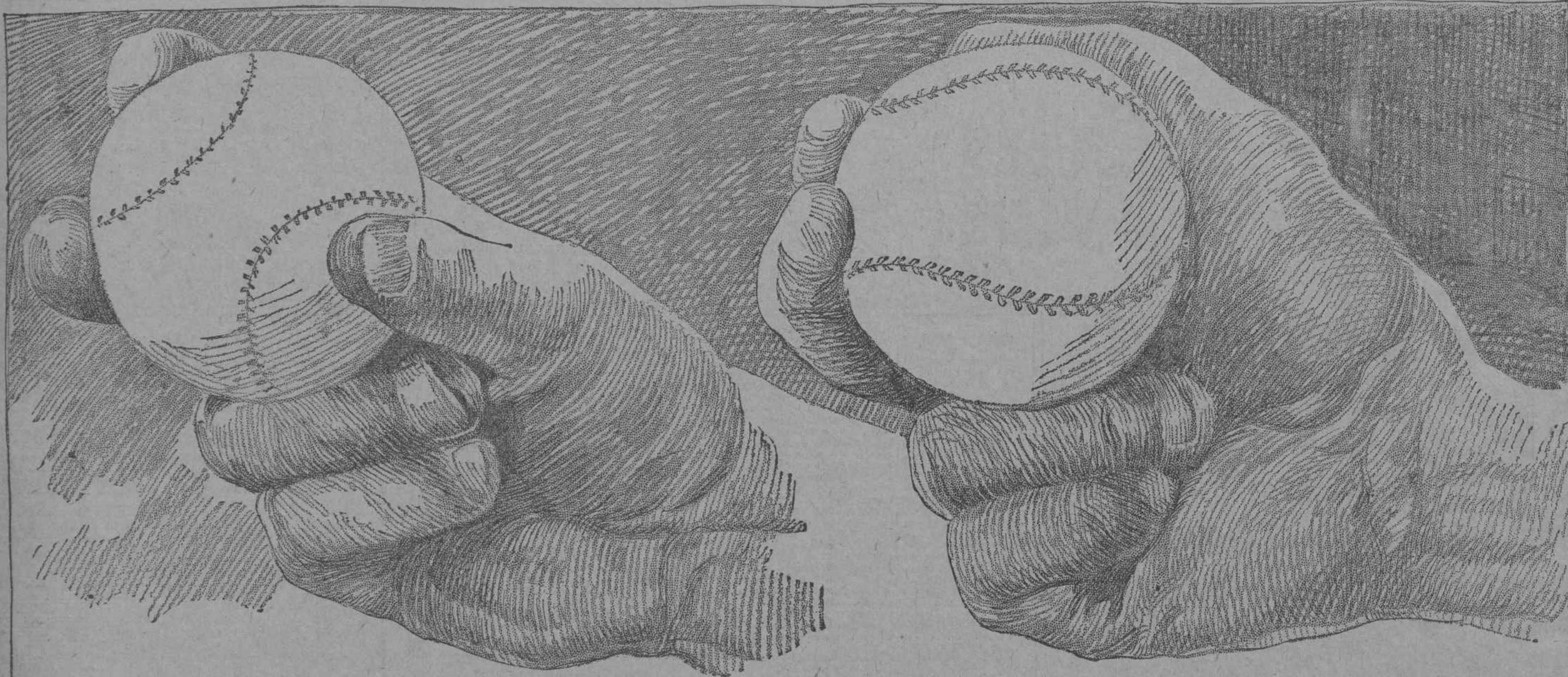


HOW RUSIE PITCHES HIS PUZZLING CURVES.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRINCE, PHOTOGRAPHER, OF UNION SQUARE.



McGLORY—The "Worst Man in New York" Driven Out of Town by Reform.

New York has lost Billy McGlory. The wave of reform washed him under completely, but now he has been washed up on the hospitable shores of Syracuse, where, with "A. Kelly" and one J. A. Toole, he is going to conduct a pleasure resort upon a scale of splendor and elbow room that will make old Armory Hall seem poor and cramped.

In McGlory, if he goes to Syracuse to run the business himself, New York will have lost perhaps its very worst citizen.

Hard featured, tall, lean, lithe, but with an unctuous stoop to his shoulders, and a gift of the gab as that of the leopard which cannot change its spots.

Black browsed and with sloe-like eyes; smooth voted in the "jolly," but iron-willed in the brawl, with a hand smooth and welcoming to the money-laden "jay," but with a fist and a "back-heel" hard, swift and relentless.

Heavy black hair, a little gray from many years of 730 days each, and combed as you see hair combed when you are looking down from the gallery upon a Methodist Conference.

Black salient of smooth broadcloth, which caused his conscienceless person with ecclesiastical lines.

It was sheep's clothing beyond a question. In the old days, when New York was the wickedest hole on the continent, they called Billy McGlory "the wickedest man in New York," and no one has yet arisen to claim the title from him.

Driven from pillar to post by the hue and cry, chased by the police from one dive to another, growing "wicked" and richer as he journeyed, he was "dragged in his train" the toughest, most disreputable, desperate gang that New York could muster.

CRIME A CONSTANT GUEST.

Until at last New York became tired of him. He could run no more dives here, get no more licenses, cater no more to the depravity of men and women.

"What has become of McGlory?"

"God knows," answered a Central Office detective. "I haven't seen him for a year and a half."

Well, McGlory has been quiet since he got out of the penitentiary.

But here is McGlory redi-vivus. He is a ghost of old-time, Simon-pure wickedness that will not down. There is no more hope, no more chance for him in New York.

He has a love for the country, the green grass and the fresh milk, the smell of the kine and the new earth freshly turned. The seed time and the harvest—principally the harvest from the bar and the box-office—the music of birds—mingled with the gurgle of fox at \$5 a bottle.

McGLORY'S ELYSIUM.

This same McGlory has now, the report comes, bought the estate of Elmwood, on the outskirts of the fast-growing city of Syracuse. There, on the margin of a tiny lake, which up to ten years ago was a private trout pond, fed by a brook which bubbled down a hillside, McGlory is about to rear his buildings—his dance and music halls, with stage and plectroscopic bars; his hotel and pavilions.

There will be the old-time "galleries," with private "stalls," where wine and women will all out and make glad the hours of song and fiddling.

Elmwood was an old family property, which conservatism had held intact against the encroachments of the city. The turf is still fresh and green, wild flowers still bloom in its wooded valleys, the partridge still drums on its uplands in September, and the trout still dart in its cool waters.

It outlives one of the richest and most fashionable districts of the town. The car will take you from the quiet Christian homes of ex-United States Senator Hendricks to Elmwood in seven minutes.

SYRACUSE JEETS.

So when it was brought in Syracuse that McGlory was going to set up his lures and penates there and run the pleasure machinery "in his own way," Syracuse people took up arms against it.

And McGlory has money. He owns a big double-decker at No. 185 East Ninety-third street and the fine property at Baldwin's, as well as some other bits. One who knew him, hand and glove in the old days, said yesterday:

"I suppose McGlory—the old-timers call him McGlory, and McGlory—is worth \$500,000."

"How did he get it? Oh, say, how did he get it? Why, boy, he sold Armory Hall for \$100,000, and that was a gold mine."

Bereft of the East Side slang, this is the brief history of McGlory which his old friend gave, a partial list of his cronies and henchmen of the old and wicked times:

"First off, when he became a proprietor, he owned the saloon at No. 108 Bowers. It was a four-story building. On the main floor was the barroom."

HARRY AND VICTIM.

"The bar was at the front, and scattered about the place were tables, where girls sat and drank with sailors or any other victims fate might bring them. There was a show—scrapping, generally—on the little stage. 'Tom' Henry and other lights of the time used to spar there."

"It was a sweet lot of people whose 'muzz' used to show around that place. Let me see. There was Brooklyn Jimmy Burke and George Perry, alias 'Trouty George,' both professional flim-flammers."

"Gundrops," a chap whose real name I don't think I knew; 'Pat' English, the fighter; Eddie, alias 'Corkey,' O'Brien, afterward in the green-goods business—oh, you could call 'em off for half an hour."

"Well, McGlory—and his real name is McGlory, or McGory, at that—sold that place, and it afterward became 'Owney' Geoghegan's dive, which was famous. Then Billy bought Armory Hall, in Hester street, near Elizabeth. That was known all over the world."

McGlory was there, to handshake people as they came in, and jolly them if they looked like ready money. He'd invite 'em to drink, and order a small bottle of 'Piper,' as he called it. That meant a fake wine which cost him about 25 cents a pint, and which he sold for \$2.50.

THE FATE OF THE UNWARY.

"If the sucker went back—I mean if the visitor bought a second bottle—he would be 'conned' along, and after awhile taken upstairs to a private box, where there would be three or four 'soubrettes.'"

"The 'wine' kept going, and the 'sucker' was fished—robbed. At last, about 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, they had him stripped of whatever was worth taking. If he grumbled there were a few heelers there who promptly lugged him out and kicked him down to the sidewalk. There were half a dozen night-hawk cabs there. Into one of these they would throw him, and he was carted away seven or eight blocks, dumped out and left to live or die, according to his constitution."

"Who were the knockers there? Why, there was 'Johnny' Kane, who was a gambler, and worse. You may see him on the Bowers now. He was a short card man and has run disorderly houses. John Conroy, known as 'O. B.,' who is proprietor of the famous Planter's Hotel, at No. 336 Bowers; Carey Welsh, who runs a place at Coney, and who, after the close of McGlory's place, had the disreputable 'Hole in the Wall,' in Fourth avenue, near Twelfth street. That was afterward closed by the police. Jim Sullivan was with him there and in the notorious 'Golden Horn,' in Thirtieth street, near Third avenue. You see Sullivan yet along Fourteenth street."

A FAMOUS HEELER.

"Another of McGlory's heelers, and a famous one, was Andy Kelly, known as 'Handshaker' Andy. After the close of McGlory's he ran a basement dive in Bleeker street, opposite 'The' Allen's."

American Mabelle. He ran a knock-out 'joint' at No. 44 Hester street.

"But to get back to McGlory. When Armory Hall was done up he was in a bad way. He tried and tried to open places, but the police wouldn't give him any show, until in 1892, I think it was, he got the building at Fourteenth street and Irving place. He got the license in the name of 'Eddie' Corey, son of ex-Ward Detective John Corey. Eddie Corey afterward ran the Orlando Cafe, which was closed by Captain Gallagher."

"McGlory turned the Fourteenth street place into just the old kind of a 'joint' in no time. One night McGlory gave a woman an awful beating in the place, and that was about the last of it. The newspapers and the police got after him, he was driven out of business and sent to the penitentiary for a year."

"After that he tried to open a place at Bowers Bay Beach, but they wouldn't have him and his gang around there."

A Sunday Journal representative called at McGlory's flat, in Ninety-third street. Nobody was at home. The janitor, Henry Baudin, said McGlory had been in Syracuse for a week, but would be back in a day or two to collect the rent.

A dispatch from Syracuse says that McGlory and Kelly are there busy making arrangements.

McGlory and A. Kelly, of New York, are backers of the arrangements, though John A. Toole, ex-comedian and formerly proprietor of a beer and concert garden here, is to be the local manager. At present there is a series of small lakes in the Elmwood property. They propose building a dam and combining all these into one big sheet of water, which in Summer will accommodate rowboats, and bathers, and in the Winter will be used as a skating rink, so that business need never cease. They also contemplate building several other regulation Summer resort buildings, including a hotel. They are to have their own plant for electric lighting. John Dunfee, the former owner, says the property was paid for by McGlory's wife.

That is wise of William to put the property in his wife's name. He has learned a lesson or two from all his buffeting at the hands of the authorities of New York.

But the Syracuse dispatch has one bit of news in it, thus: "McGlory, or McGory, as his name is signed, has a man with him who registers as A. Kelly. He seems to be a gambler, as he holds out with the card sharps here."

Can it be that this is Hand-Shaker Andy, who was a lieutenant at Armory Hall, and who, McGlory's old friend said in the history, "ran a basement dive in Bleeker street, opposite 'The' Allen's American Mabelle, and a knock-out joint at No. 44 Hester street?"



Rusie.

RUSIE—The One Man Who Is Needed to Put the Giants on Their Feet.

It is a great thing to be Amos Rusie, to have thousands of people hungering for you and shouting themselves hoarse for you, and not to answer their prayers.

Caesar put away the crown upon the Lupercal and joyed at watching the Roman people grovel and beseech him to be their boss and their demi-god.

That was a long time ago. There were no baseball extras to print columns about Caesar and "fores" his cronies and let loose the walling, inviting verses of busy ball poets who couldn't do without him any longer.

The "bleachers" at Rome could not yearn for a man as the New York Bleachers and their population yearn for Amos.

Probably there has not been a man in all history more madly sought after. "Come over into Macedonia and help us," was a piteous cry, but a sadder, more grievous one is that song that New York sings day after day, as its team of Giants goes gravitating down the standing list:

We want ye, Amie Rusie.

And we want ye mighty badly.

We want ye, Amie Rusie, yes we do.

Anathemas and maledictions enough have been hurled at President Freedman, of the New York Baseball Club, to drive a sensitive man to drink or to go to bed and leaving the gas turned on. But he is a stiff-necked generation, and swears Rusie shall not have the same money he had last year.

And Amos, big and brawny, with the skill of a Japanese juggler and the nerve of a Spartan, sits still in his home town of Indianapolis and declares he'll go back to lounge making in the old factory before he'll be browbeaten into coming back like a whipped schoolboy, and wearing the dunce cap, and taking the buffets from a boss whose only desire is to give him the worst of it.

And while they stand thus, glaring at one another, the New York team is promptly and steadily going to the docks for the lack of pitchers, and the pennant is already growing a pair of stout wings on itself and flying further from this town with almost every game that is played.

And the New York enthusiasts are breaking their hearts.

It is a great thing to be Amos Rusie. And why is he so wanted, this Amos? Why are the thousands of despondent rooters sure he is the only Moses, as well as the only Amos that can lead them out of this wilderness of woe and disaster?

Look at the fine pictures here. Look at Rusie, stripped to the buff, and in action. That is the real Amos. That baring a few clothes, is the way he would look, with a slugger at the bat, three balls and strikes, and the chance of a cross-eyed umpire who couldn't see the ball.

For Rusie never loses his nerve. He never fears to let drive at full speed in the tightest kind of a place.

And he never pitches straight balls for fear of sacrificing his speed, either. He doesn't have to. His curves are as fast as straight balls. He has pulled the Giants out of a hole many a time and oft, just because he had unlimited sand, and skill and muscle to back it.

Look at the giant moulding of those Hoosier legs, and that back, and those sinewy arms.

That 212 pounds of Rusie is what the New York baseball cranks want to see in the pitcher's box.

The office boy who plays hooky an afternoon to go to the game, would bet all the sesterces his employer has in the till, if Freedman would give in and put Amos in to bang at the adversary with that awful lashout of his, and that high ball that nothing but Harveyized steel is fit to stand up against.

It is fairly heartrending to sit in the grand stand on a baseball day and note the downcast visages all round you when a line drive goes past the unfortunate pitcher, who is not Rusie, or one of the visiting team trots grinning down to first base on called balls.

There goes up a grief-laden murmur, and your neighbor utters a "damn" under his breath, with the added and soulful declaration that "Amos would never have done that; never in the world!" Then in the mental score cards of 5,000 sufferers there goes down another error to Freedman.

Dumber, but even deeper, is the misery of the cranks who buy the baseball extras, and hang in stricken groups about the city score boards, when the home team is foreign field by teams which, with Rusie in the box, your New Yorker is sure they could polish off like a plate of cakes.

But imagination would have hard work indeed to paint the riotous joy that would reign in this town if at the next home game Rusie's name should appear in the cast.

Examine these hands. The pictures will show you the way this human catapult does his business. It is easy to understand, when you study these pictures, why it was that when John B. Day brought Rusie to New York from the West he had to pay \$7,000 for a catcher like Charley Farrell, who was hard nixed enough to take him throughout a hard-fought game.

And laying aside local pride and a longing for the pennant, this Amos has a foreign New York ball goes an almost incredible amount of that unparalleled baseball nervous tension which they pay their hard money for.

It is a dissipation to be sure, just like any other, but tension is what your New Yorker wants, and the more he gets of it in return for his spending money the more he thinks of the chap who gives it to him.

That is why they worship Rusie, and like Rachel weeping for her children, will not be comforted because he is not.

Rusie has never disappointed them when they wanted to be strung up and kept strung up, never gotten "rattled" nor "habergasted" and turned all their keen joy of battle into deep and damning disgust.

And with all the struggles in which Amos has won out for New York, with his record of man after man struck out in the most forlorn of hopes, and victory fairly strangled from defeat, with the memory of the large stacks of shining "scolicons" he has brought into the cash box, it is small wonder that he should be loath to rent that two hundred and twelve pounds of brains and brawn and deftness and pluck for \$2,400 the season, especially when the reduction of \$600 is accompanied by many unkind, even savage, speeches.

The row between Rusie and Freedman, which has been keeping Amos in Indianapolis and, the "rooters" believe, sending

up the blowhole at the very opening of the season, has been argued pro and con in columns of cold type. It has been fierce and unpleasant. It started, to recount it briefly, in Jacksonville last year when the Giants were training there. Rusie drank too much. He never denied it. They said that he got drunk and insulted the Mayor of the town. That was very naughty. In Baltimore again he and "Eddie" Burke, of Buckleville, got "loaded," and were fined \$100 each. Burke's fine was remitted. Rusie asked that his fine be remitted, too, on condition of good behavior. Freedman promised to remit it, and Rusie played the season out like a major. The last game of the season was with Baltimore, and Freedman sent down word by Manager Harvey Watkins that if Rusie didn't win that game he would fine him another \$100. It was talked about and got to Rusie, and the game was lost. Two hundred was held out of his pay, and he went back to Indianapolis at the season's close.

Then the President said hard things about him—that he was a drunkard, and that he would have to play this season with New York at such figures as the management chose to offer him, or else he shouldn't play anywhere. Rusie had been getting \$3,000, and refused to sign the new contract for \$2,400.

The battle has been fast and furious, and on Friday the cranks who have been crying for "Amie" read in the Journal that President Nick Young had interceded, with a proposition for a compromise.

But Rusie is what the actors call "away up the stage" in the matter now. His Howler dander is up. He wants his dues reimbursed, and a concession of the injustice he says has been done him, and a contract at the old terms, if he doesn't get them, he just won't play.

But oh! how he can play if he would!

SIX MILLION LOBSTERS.

The United States Fish Commission expects to hatch That Many This Summer.

The experts of the United States Fish Commission are getting ready the lobster hatchery at Wood's Holl for the season's work that is about to begin. They expect to produce at least 6,000,000 young lobsters this summer. The eggs will be obtained from roe-bearing females brought in by fishermen, and the hatching will be done by the simple process of placing the eggs in glass jars, through which a stream of water is kept running all the time.

The young lobsters must have just the right kind of food, or else they will die. As a diet for them, nothing has been found equal to the small animals caught by dragging a tow-net of gauze from a boat along the surface water of the sea. The surface water of the ocean swarms with life, including vast numbers of crustaceans and tiny mollusks. It is, in fact, a broth. Most of the animals are composed almost wholly of water, having scarcely more than 1 per cent of animal tissue. A single small netful collected in the Baltic was counted, and found to contain 80,000 crustaceans and 70,000 other animals.

If one dips up a small dish of seawater and places in it some bits of seaweed, scraped from an old pile or an old float, it will be found to contain a wonderful variety of organisms. On these organisms the crustaceans of the surface seawater feed.

The crustaceans in turn furnish a regular diet to small fishes, which are fed on by big fishes. Thus the struggle for existence in the ocean goes on, and even more than on land the rate of living things in general is to eat each other and be eaten by one another.



Billy McGlory.